

T. Dusen

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Puck

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THE TWO WANAMAKERS.

SMART JOHN to PIous JOHN.—I guess you'll have to look a little extra holy, John, till this Philadelphia trouble blows over!



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 17th, 1891.—No. 745.

PUCK.

"tantamount to confession," the case against him would not be worth consideration. As young Wilson shrewdly inquired, who would believe his word against Sir William Gordon-Cumming's? However, so far as the public is concerned, Sir William's case will in all likelihood await forever a final adjudication. Still, we may learn something from what we know; and one thing, of great interest to us Americans is this: if Sir William Gordon-Cumming and the Prince of Wales had been playing poker, instead of baccarat, there would have been no such scandal.

*

This looks like a joke; but it is n't. Let us explain. Baccarat is one of the stupidest games in the world. It is a game of chance, pure and simple. Anybody who can match coins can play baccarat. In fact, matching coins is more amusing than baccarat, for you win or lose your money quicker. Baccarat has never been popular in this country. It can't be. Americans are too quick-witted; too intolerant of dullness. Americans who want to gamble play faro. Faro is a game of chance, and about the most interesting and lively game of chance at cards that can be devised. Americans who play cards for amusement play whist or poker. Whist is rather a mathematical and tactical diversion than a game. But poker calls for skill and knowledge of human nature, and adds the excitement of chance. It is a game that can be played only by men who have their wits about them; whose faculties are healthily active.

*

The faculties of the men who do play it are healthy and active. They work for their living: they are live, sensible, busy men, interested in life and able to think and to act, and to get rational enjoyment out of existence. The men who play baccarat are idle men, men who have worn out every pleasure; who have no healthy, harmless, reasonable amusements; whose brains have grown dull and indolent; who are willing to take up any scheme, no matter how brutal or stupid or mischievous, for stimulating their jaded tastes and senses. They play baccarat because it is an easy way of winning or losing money, and gain or loss of money is among the few things which remain capable of affording them a sensation.

*

The Prince of Wales is a hard-working, industrious prince, according to his lights, and he does whatever is required of him in the way of public functions. Sir William Gordon-Cumming has been a brave soldier and a useful man. But both of them are swamped in the slough of British aristocracy, and they must have come to a pretty pass to have found amusement in the gross dullness of baccarat. Whether Sir William cheated or whether the Wilsons conspired to ruin him, the temptation to either sin grew out of the hideous, aimless, soulless life of "the Prince's set;" and neither the soldier nor the Prince, if he had kept his tastes and ambitions up to a normal, healthy standard, would have wasted his time and brutalized his immortal soul in playing that idiot game with people utterly unfit to associate with him.

*

The famous "Beecher trial" was a deplorable affair in many respects; but it served one good end. It opened the door of one of the most offensive whitened sepulchres ever known, and let a great volume of noxious gas escape and lose itself in the fresh air. It showed what a community may come to when it lets cant and lip-service take the place of plain, common, everyday morality; and it showed forth a set of people who were practising all sorts of cheap immoralities under the cloak of religious sentiment. These were people who started out decently enough; but who had cheated themselves into taking religious talk for religion; who, having nothing solid to tie up to, had drifted into a sloopy and highly immoral sentimentality.

*

It was a great thing for Brooklyn, and a greater for common decency, that the light was let in on those cuddling Children of Gush. It is likewise good for Philadelphia and better for common honesty, that the door of her whitened sepulchre is day by day swinging wider open. Philadelphia appears to suffer from the moral corruption of religious hypocrisy as much as Brooklyn ever did; but Philadelphia's pet sins are sordid rather than carnal. The Philadelphian sinners do not try to live in a happy family of mixed and mushy inter-relationships. They are after cold coin, and the ways they have of getting it are varied and ingenious—from the Quay way to the Bardsley way.

*

But all the ways are practiced under the tender glow of what passes with Mr. John Wanamaker as religion. His personal holiness shines genially upon the sinful but successful Quay and the sinful and hapless Bardsley. The sweet effluvium of his sanctimoniousness hovers over each new financial scandal that is brought to light in Philadelphia. With each reputation that is smashed, in the newspapers or in the courts, a Wanamaker halo, for which its owner has no further use, is disengaged, so to speak, and floats upon the bosom of the air. It is an interesting exhibition; but it is painful to think that the illumination of Philadelphia's canting rascality throws a nasty, miasmatic side-light on the government at Washington.



A POWERFUL PROVOCATIVE.

SMALL BOY.—Mister, would you please come over to this cage a minute?

PROFESSOR TARBOX.—What for, my little man?

SMALL BOY.—Me an' Jimmy was readin' in a book that hyenas laugh, an' we want to see if they'll do it.



THE CHICKENS that I used to own
Were birds of high degree;
Both far and favorably known
And beautiful to see.



I'd watch the Cochin proudly trot
And tower o'er the flock
Composed of Leghorn, Wyandotte,
Brahma and Plymouth Rock.

I'd greet them in the rosy morn
In complimentary terms,
And throw them grains of shining corn
— And early angle worms.



A roof of glass kept off the storm
But not the sunny ray —
I had a stove to keep them warm
Against a Winter day.

About them on the train I'd boast,
I o'er their beauty sighed;
My costly chickens were almost
My only joy and pride.

They are no more — their days are told,
And in their places now
The meanest fowls that come for gold
Are roosting on the bough.

They are an ornery-looking lot,
They're scrawny, with no style;
Observe them, and upon the spot
You can't withhold a smile.

Their crops with corn I never fill,
But set them free, and then
They gayly skirmish round until
They clothe the inner hen.



Their fruit abundant, though it's fried
Or poached or boiled or stirred,
Makes me rejoice to think I've tried
The common barn-yard bird.



This bird shall always round me prow! —
Or linger on one leg,
And not the prize, blue-blooded fowl
That never lays an egg.

R. K. M.



GOOSE?

HARDWARE DEALER (*to NEW BOOK-KEEPER, who is on trial*). — Mr. Pens, I have just sold the last tailor's goose we have in stock — telegraph to Iron & Co. for a dozen immediately, and let's see how quickly you can hustle them through, now.

THE NEW BOOK-KEEPER (*innocently*). — Yes, sir. I'll send the telegram at once.

He takes up a block of telegraph blanks and writes:

"Iron & Co., New York. — Freight us immediately twelve tailor — "

And here he stops.

He chews his pencil, twirls his watch-chain, unbuttons his vest, curls his moustache, hunts for a dictionary, and writes such words as these on a scrap of waste paper:

12 tailor-goose
12 tailor's geese
12 tailor-goose
12 tailors' goose
12 tai —

Now he begins to mop his forehead, and look at his watch — when all of a sudden he smiles a large-sized smile, and loses no time in taking a clean blank, and writing some words which seem to please him greatly.

About an hour later the order clerk of Irons & Co., New York, files the following order-telegram:

"Irons & Co., New York. — Freight us immediately one tailor's goose and eleven others."

Lead & Sons."

THE CHEAPNESS of advice is always most apparent to the one who receives it. It often costs the other fellow a friend.

"THE TWILIGHT of the heart" is when the gas is turned low in the parlor.



TOO INQUISITIVE.

AUNT MARY (*of Chicago*). — No, dear; I am afraid we can't go out for a drive to-day. Your Uncle said not; and, you know, when he says "no" he means "no."

LITTLE ETHEL (*of Boston*). — And, Aunty, what does he mean when he says "now?"

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER NECESSARY.

FARMER FIRKIN (*to SMALL BOY*). — If ye don't come right down out o' that tree, I'll let go o' the dog's collar.

SMALL BOY. — Huh! A dog can't climb a tree!

FARMER FIRKIN. — No; but I kin, an' he kin squat under it!

EXTREMES MEET.

UPSON DOWNES. — Don't you think it's rather ridiculous to have your trousers turned up this fair day?

HOWELL GIBBONS. — Mebbe; but is n't it more so faw you to have yours twodden out at the heels?

IN THE NEW HOUSE.

"What handsome plumbing you have! Your pipes are plated, I see."

"I thought so at first; but judging from the way they work, I should say they were solid."

LABOR IN VAIN.

"The new party is a sort of Labor Party, is n't it?"

"Yes; and it needs to be. It will find it has a great deal of work on its hands."

A DEFINITION, BY JOVE!

"What is the Juno type of beauty I hear so much about?"

"Any type of beauty which one's husband has ceased to admire."

THICK.

PROF. BUGGS. — Chameleons live on air.
LUGGS ('92). — Well, they should find New York air very nutritive.

A CORRECT BILL.

SHOWMAN. — Look here. Your bill says: "Forty-nine days' board for camel!" You've only had him seven days.

KEEPER. — That's all right; that camel has seven stomachs. See?

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A ROMANCE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



CHAPS. I TO VIII.

ORCIVAL DE TWIRLIGER goes to Honduras as special agent for the New York Suspender Co. (Limited.) Firm speculates in new style of buckles and goes up. Orcival starts to hoof it to New York. Various adventures. Separated from companion in wilds of Mexico. Lost on the desert. Great heavens! it is sad to die thus. What does he see?—a city! Goes for it. Meets venerable man with long beard.

CHAP. IX.

(NOTE.—Story now begins. Prior portion put in to make the book sell for \$1.50.)

"I do not wonder at your surprise," said Petruvio, "although our city has been established twenty years. It was founded by Edward Bellamy, Sergius Stepiak, Joaquin Miller and Jules Verne. It is a paradise upon earth, where everything is in common, and where everybody works and is happy. We have no laws, because there is no crime."

"Does no one ever break loose just for the fun of the thing?" inquired De Twirliger.

"Never," replied Petruvio, with a patronizing smile.

"Suppose they did?" persisted De Twirliger.

"The supposition is inadmissible," returned the patriarch, sternly; "all people who live in the Magic City have divested themselves of love, hate, envy, ambition or desires of any kind."

"Something like a wooden image," suggested De Twirliger, winking at a young girl who floated past in an aluminium balloon.

"How are the soft snaps in the working line distributed?"

"All take their turns; there is no jealousy. In our community, work is a pleasure."

At this moment a messenger came to summon Petruvio to peel potatoes for dinner.

CHAPS. X TO XXVI.

Aluminium balloons—glass railways—electric lights, tubes, chutes and conveyances—machines to make rain—free concerts and theatrical performances by angelic singers and supernaturally gifted actors—no doctors or lawyers—complicated harangues about isms, aeons, ologies and flub-dub.

CHAP. XXVII.

"Say!" exclaimed Orcival De Twirliger, with a capacious yawn; "this is turning sour. Honest Injun, Petruvio, would n't you like to be a man and own yourself for a month or two?"

"I have occasionally thought," said Petruvio, stopping up a near-by

speaking tube with the tail of his toga, "that this model city racket is being carried too far. A lot of old seeds with chin whiskers and the virility of a turnip might meander through life in this community, but a man with blood in his veins has no business to turn himself into a machine. Now I am thirty-two—"

"I took you to be one hundred and sixteen," remarked De Twirliger; "your beard and gown—"

"That is the model city regulation; they all do it. It gives a patriarchal and gliding air to the people. To return:—thirty-two, with the prospect of gliding and floating around for a half century, without a cent in my pockets, putting up stove-pipes one day and painting pictures the next, living a life of solid, unadulterated virtue, and not even allowed to choose an affinity."

"I thought you all had affinities?"

"So we have. There is an annual drawing at the City Hall for affinities, and the one I drew last year would curdle the milk of human kindness."

"The beautiful Etudia and I," said De Twirliger, calmly, "are about to elope if we can steal the grand patriarch's balloon. If you can hook on to an affinity of your own choosing, we may make room for you as ballast."

"There is a stout German girl who is detailed to dust the palace this month," said Petruvio, musingly. "She squeezed my hand at the last mush-and-milk sociable, and made some earthly remark about giving the whole boiling for a glass of beer. If you'll give me twenty-four hours, I'll see if I can make a vacancy in the colony."

CHAPS. XXVIII, XXIX AND XXX.

Various monkeyings around to keep the reader in suspense.

CHAPS. XXXI AND XXXII.

The flight of De Twirliger and the beautiful Etudia, accompanied by Petruvio (with his whiskers cut off) and Loreeta. Crossing the desert. Water gives out—got to give out—everybody forgives everybody else, and all about to die in holy calm, when the balloon falls into Lake Pontchartrain.

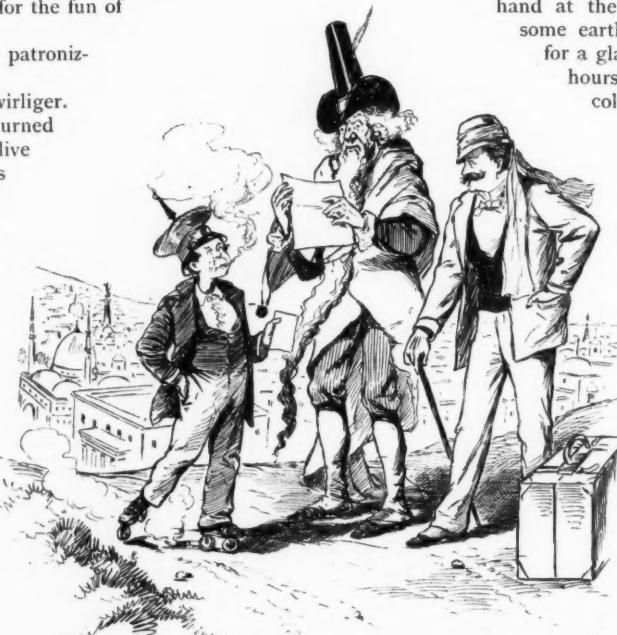
CHAP. XXXIII.

"Well," said Orcival, as the quartet sat at table in the dining-room of the St. Charles, "it is bad form to notice one's eating, but from the way you destroyed that steak, Etudia, I should judge that roses and dew are not the only fare worth living for." Etudia showed her pearly teeth, but was too happy to make reply. Loreeta, meanwhile, had ordered her third piece of pie.

Petruvio, who had been silent up to this point, now said, gravely: "Orcival, let us lift in some pale brandy to settle this repast, and then for a good old smoke."

Half an hour later they were playing billiards.

"After all," said Petruvio, after a run of ten, "life is only enjoyable





when you have to hustle and know that you can keep what you can grab. Without rivalry, there can be no material progress. A man of spirit had better peddle shoestrings than link himself with cranks who surrender their brains to an idea that won't work."

"And how fortunate," said Orcival, "that I relieved the colony of several bags of dross. It was only in their way, while we can put it where it will do the most good."

Sidney.

* * * * *

ONCE WE studied Astronomy out in the bay,
With my boat for a place and her lap for a pillow;
In conjunction were Venus and Neptune, and they
Were reflected about us in each sluggish billow.
We reflected about them. Her eyes were the stars
That were brightest of all on a short observation,
When desire to kiss them my reverie mars.
She declined — but it was n't the right declination,
While the jolly old dog-star just twinkled with mirth,
(Though he had to be serious after eleven.)
We were happier mooning down here upon earth
Than Jupiter mooning up there in the heaven.
Naught eclipses our love, of the same old, old pattern
As has held since the age of the Emperor Saturn.

Louis Tucker.

DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME — Raising Cane for Sugar.

GOOD FROM SEEING EVIL —
The Salary of the Stage Villain.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT —
—Vers de Société.

ROUND - DANCES —
Eye - balls.

TROUBLESOME ELVES —
—Ours.

A FACULTY DIVINE —
The College Dean.

THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY — Killing Looks.

A BOWER OF ROSES —
—The Wind.



—“And rub vigorously for a few seconds. The result —

A MARVELOUS TRANSFORMATION.



—“Now, ladies and gents; you see this 'ere party is entirely bald —



—“Applying a few drops of my marvelous préparation, I take this flannel cloth —



—“is before you! Only one dollar a bottle —



—“A few more bottles left. Remember, I leave town this evening. This is your last chance.”

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. — Were you ever called to serve on a jury before?

TALESMAN. — No, sir; this is the first time I was ever taken for a fool in my life.

THINGS THAT TAKE TIME.

BUNCE. — Bowser, you've had that newspaper two hours; are n't you nearly through with it?

BOWSER. — Yes; I've read the Cadzly divorce case, the Bowery double murder, the St. John's choir scandal and the Jamaica Plains ghost story. I've only to read the foreign news, the domestic politics and the market reports. Give it to you in five minutes.



MAKING A HOME INDUSTRY OF IT.

MR. HAWK (*strap in hand*). — And so you wanted to go out West and fight the Indians, eh?

TOMMY HAWK. — Y-Y-Yes, sir. Boo-hoo!

MR. HAWK. — Well, just stay at home, then, and boycott the wooden ones at the cigarette stores!

AN ALIEN.

TOURIST (*in Kentucky*). — I beg pardon sir; but what is your name?

CITIZEN. — John Smith.

TOURIST. — Well, Colonel Smith, I —

CITIZEN. — Hold on! I'm not a colonel. I just moved in here from the North last week.

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
A Circulating Library.

ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITH AND MOMENT — Sago-making.

AN IGNIS FATUUS — The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes.

MEANS TO AN END — *Ad Finem*.

PLAYING FALSE —
The Lyre.

THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY — The Wandering Jew.

A FLY-TRAP — The Dog-cart.

FACING FEARFUL ODDS — Males in Massachusetts.

ERASURES ON account-books are sure signs of a bigger scrape coming.

LEMONADE.

HIS LIFE IS A squeezed lemon. While 't was
still quite fresh and new
It required a deal of sweetening to rightly
put it through;
Its rind was always corrugated, puckery
and rough,
Its seeds were sharp and slippery, its thin
partitions tough;
But then 't was plump and golden, and
its pungent, woodsy smell
Forespoke a harmless beverage, which,
spiced and sugared well,
With a dash of something coloring, a bit
of ice to shake,
And a barley-straw to such it through,
was not so bad to take!

Now it is flat and stale and dirty yellow,
like a fallen leaf,
Or the flaccid, crushed remainder of a
badly-beaten sheaf,
Or the sickly smile of wintry skies when "giant
branches toss,"
Or the far side of the ledger, with its tale of
gain and loss.

— Still, it's not so *pesky* sour, after all is said and done,
And its swiftly-fleeting goodies are not *always* on the run.
And its many little pleasures do not *all* so quickly fade,
So — since you insist upon it — please to pass the lemonade!

D. L. Paine.



THE POWER OF TRUTH.

(A FABLE OF LAKE GEORGE AND THE SHORT
OPEN SEASON.)

A City Gentleman, returning from
an unsuccessful Fishing Expedition, en-
countered on the Way a Professional
Angler.

"My friend," said he, "I rejoice
to see that you were more successful
than I. Would you, for a Consideration,
part with a few Pounds of your
Fish that I may not return to my
Family empty-handed?"

The Professional Angler, with
great Promptitude, said he Would;
and the two opened Negotiations to
the End that presently the City Gentle-
man went on his way with all the
Black Bass caught by his more suc-
cessful Acquaintance.

He met, a while Later, another
Gentleman, who eyed his Fish, and
paused to speak with him.

"Sir," he said, pleasantly, "did you
Catch those Fish yourself?"

The City Gentleman said Yes; and
asserted, moreover, that he was Ashamed
to take home so Few, saying that his
usual Catch was much Larger.

"Indeed!" said the Other. "Then
come with Me, for I am a Constable,
and I have for a long Time been Laying
for the man who caught Black Bass out of Season."

Whereupon he grasped the City Gentleman by the Neck, and took
him before a Justice of the Peace, who fined him One Hundred Dollars,
and Confiscated the Black Bass to the Officials of the Court.

Robert B. Cramer.

"SOME OF the cigarette manufacturers have stopped giving pictures
with each box of cigarettes."

"If they had reversed the order, and stopped giving cigarettes with
the pictures, it would have been a greater improvement."

HER FAD.

Ah, what can appease my dejection?
I wooed her throughout a full moon.
And now, with a heartless rejection,
She dubs me her "souvenir spoon."

Emma Carleton.



CEREMONY.

(Field Day of the Ebenezer Dismounted Infantry.)

ADJUTANT (saluting). — Suh!

MAJOR (saluting). — Sah?

ADJUTANT. — Majah, de flag am come!

MAJOR. — Sah!

ADJUTANT (saluting). — Suh!

MAJOR (saluting). — Pass de wud ter der Cap'n's ter let
de perseshun went, sah!



ONLY HUMAN.

HOUSEHOLDER (engaging MAN-OF-ALL-WORK.)

— It is one of my rules never to lock up anything
from my servants. This is where I keep my liquors
and cigars — I trust that if you feel a temptation to
touch them, you will be strong enough to fight it.



THE NEW MAN (a few hours later). — It wor a har-r-rd
fight, sor; but Oi wor outclassed, sor!

DOES THE HEAVY EMOTIONAL.

"Dr. Firstly is n't much of a preacher, yet all the
women are in love with him."

"How do you account for it?"

"He is the best voice-trembler in town."

A SEND-OFF FOR DR. BRIGGS.

Brother Briggs is a vessel of wrath,

And that is the reason why we all

Thank the Lord that for sinners who cut their own swath,
And won't, like us, keep to the old beaten path,

But follow the guidance of reason, he hath

Provided a warm place like Sheol.

R. S. V. P.

A Modest Poet Seeks Information.

I WONDER if in by-gone days
There e'er lived anybody
Who knew Longfellow well enough
To speak of him as "Waddy?"

Was ever man so well acquaint
With Bryant that he'd sully
The laurels of that poet-soul
By calling William "Cully?"

Hath Shakspere e'er been known as
"Shake"
To neighbors fresh and gall?
Did Emerson e'er hear himself
Alluded to as "Wally?"

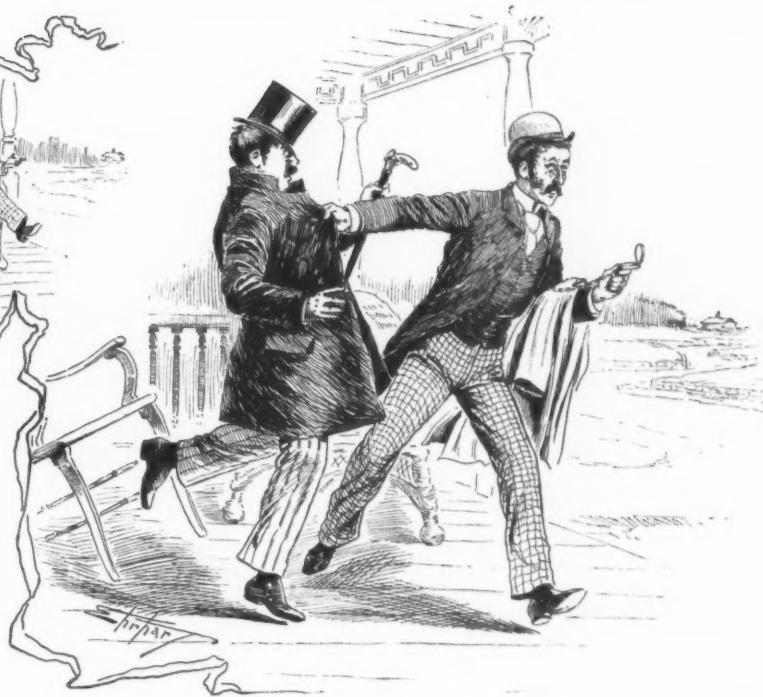
I ask this question feelingly,
Because my friends, b'gosh!
Whene'er they chance to speak of me,
Abbreviate me "Wash!"

George Washington Me.

NOTHING LIKE EXERCISE.

MADISON SQUEER (*visiting MORRISON ESSEX, at his suburban home*).—Is n't your house a little far from the station?

MORRISON ESSEX.—Yes; but I like it on account of the nice walk I can take morning and evening —



THE POET AND THE PHILISTINE.

HE POET wandered through the woods, and came to where a violet grew.

"Ah, most fortunate flower!" said he, in a fine frenzy; "beauteous art thou and fitting is thy dwelling. Here in this leafy wood, sung to by nightingales, caressed by spicy breezes, sheltered from the intemperate sun by noble trees; with dainty grasses to carpet thy abode, thy life must be one of sweet content. This cosy nook needed one touch to make it perfect quite, and thou hast supplied it. Thy peerless beauty received a lovely setting in this spot. I will compose a sonnet to thy sweet content," cried the Poet, taking out a golden pencil and a silver-mounted writing pad.

Then the Violet replied: "Oh, buzz! What are you saying? This is a dull enough place, I think, and as for its being pretty, what good is that? I wish I lived with my cousin. She was planted in a heap of phosphates, and you should see her now. She is twice as tall as I, and has it all to herself. No ugly trees to make her feel cooped up, and any number of the most beautiful glittering tin cans piled all around her. Why, she is—"

But with a cry of "O Philistia!" the Poet ran from the place like one pursued, and destroyed twenty sonnets to as many wild-flowers; sonnets which were very precious to him, for the Editors had let him keep them many years.

And the Violet? Oh, the Violet was as fragrant and looked as ravishingly sweet as ever.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A FORTIORI.

"I don't see how a Christian can have any doubts about our Christian Science."

"No; if faith can remove mountains, of course it can remove men."

WILL TRY A FLAT.

MISS REDDY (*sentimentally*).—Love in a cottage—that is all I ask.

SHIPPEN CLARKE (*glumly*).—Yes; love in a cottage is all right; but how about the railroad commutation?

"I see the Prince of Bavaria, being a skillful oculist, treats the poor among his subjects without charge. What a contrast to the conduct of the Prince of Wales!"

"Yes; but you must admit that the English prince is doing a good deal to open the eyes of his future subjects."



GETTING A LIBRARY.

"I think, too, sir," said the Salesman, "that you ought to have a complete set of Thackeray's works."

"All right, put 'em in," returned Nubuddy. "Let's see. That reduces the space how much? What's Thackry's width?"

— (Glancing at his watch.) Hullo! it's 8:35. Come, button up your coat and run like thunder. We've got just four minutes to catch that train in.

HEARD OF AT LAST.

QUAKER CITY DEMOCRAT.—Yes, sir; it's the fault of *you*—you and your party—that our city has been robbed of so many millions!

QUAKER CITY REPUBLICAN.—Millions? bah! Think of the advertisement! Why, for weeks the whole country has talked of nothing but Philadelphia!

MORE BEATTY THAN BEAUTY.

CORA.—Don't you think I will sweep everything before me with this gown?

DORA.—No; but you will sweep everything behind you.

THE DOG FANCIER'S BONANZA.

DODD.—That's a beautiful spaniel of yours!

TODD.—Ya-as. The Pwince of Wales has one pwecisely like it.

DODD.—Thanks. I want one, and no doubt he'll be glad to give his away now.

NECESSARY FOR OUR HIGHWAYS.

STRANGER (*to POLICE INSPECTOR*).—Please let me have a permit to carry a revolver—but be kind and make haste—I want to take the Elevated train to Forty-second Street!

IT'S ALL a mis-stake," said Sir William to the Prince.

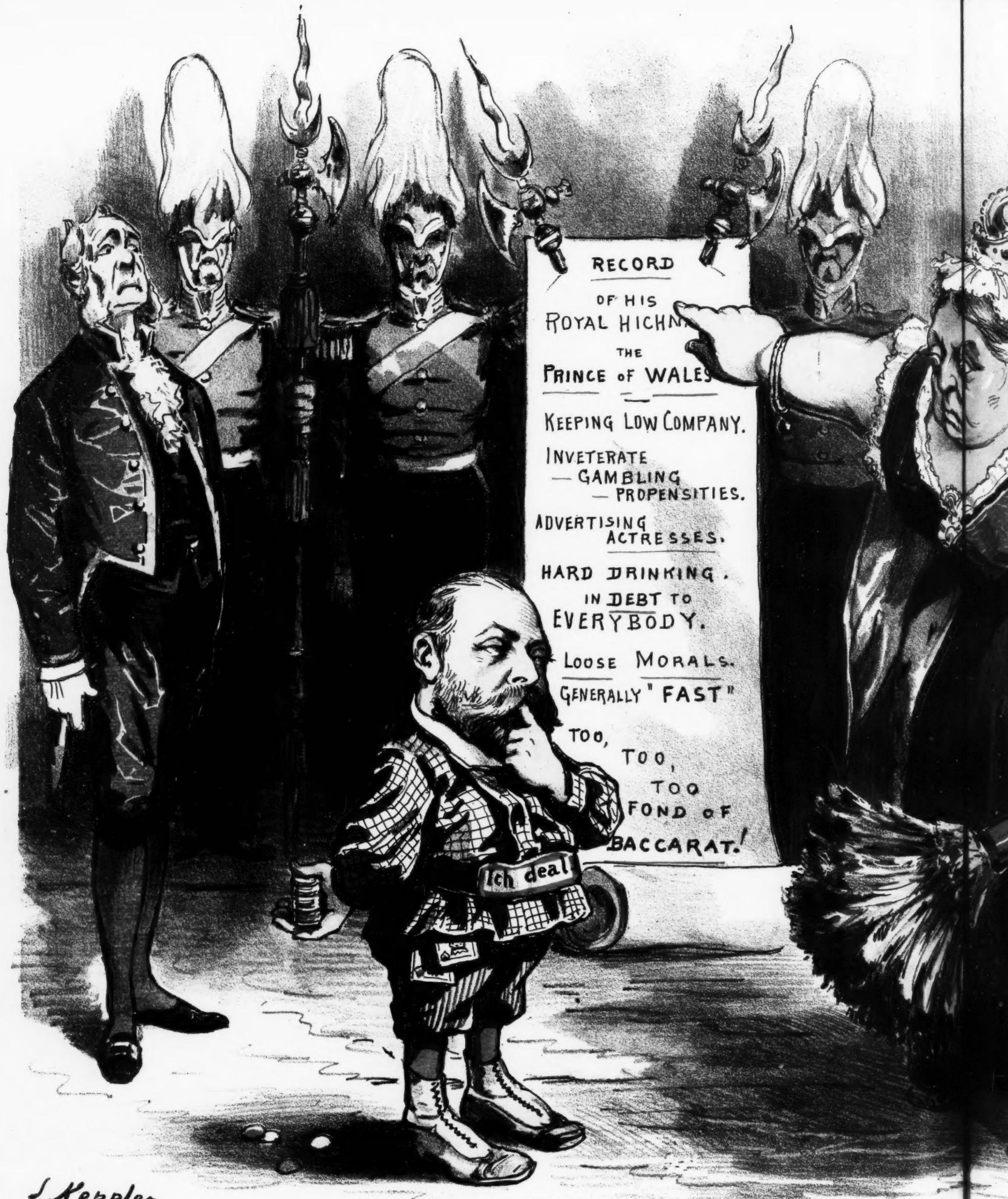
"That's all," said His Royal Highness, with a significant wink.

A SUMMER'S EVENING—Striking a Balance.

WHAT AN AMAZING amount of virtue has its birth in envy of other peoples' fun!

THE SWAN sings sweetest before its death; but unlike musical amateurs it preserves a discreet silence while under public inspection.

THE MAN who "turns the tables" takes good care that his chair remains at the head.



PUCK.



TERRIBLE."

J.Ottmann Lith.Co.PUCK BLDG N.Y.

PUCK.



A MODEL HUSBAND.

MRS. MCFADDEN.—Are yez goin' ter O'Toole's wake, to-night, Patsy?
MR. MCFADDEN.—Oi am.
MRS. MCFADDEN.—Well, won't yez plase thy an git toight enough ter come home by tin o'clock, me darlint?
MR. MCFADDEN.—Wid dthe hilp av hiven Oi will.

THE HYPNOTIC PITCHER.

ADMIRERS OF THE National Game will remember the memorable season of 1892, and the disastrous career of the Giants, whose record on June 15th was: *Won, 2; Lost, 38; Percentage, .005*; while the hated Chicagoans stood: *Won, 30; Lost, 10; Percentage, .750*. A thick gloom spread over the city from Harlem to the Battery, and

Americans returning from a six weeks' sojourn abroad were forcibly reminded of "dear old Lunnon."

It will also be remembered that various excuses were offered by the management to the public—hoodoo, charley-horse, razzle-dazzle and wait-till-next-year;—but the circumstances leading to their ultimate overwhelming triumph are now for the first time made known to the public. At the critical juncture, when the Giants were compelled to leave the grounds disguised after each game, one morning when they were feebly practicing for a crushing defeat that afternoon at the hands of the Brooklyns, Captain Ewing observed a stranger on the grounds, a young man of New Jersey cast of countenance, with year-before-last garments, somewhat bagged and frayed.

With the fixed purpose of destroying the identity of the stranger, the defeated but not dismayed captain advanced, bat in hand, and the following conversation then ensued:

"Come, git a gait. This is no ball game."

"If it were, I would n't be here, nor any one else."

This cruel reference to the prevailing paucity of attendance made Ewing pale. "What would you?" he gasped.

"My name is Jinkson. I am a phenomenal pitcher."

"Go!" commanded Ewing, huskily. "I am now carrying around twelve phenomenons, and our average is naught, naught, five."

"But I am truly a phenomenon," persisted Jinkson; "and to prove it I will strike you out."

"Buckley," spake the captain, darkly, "take your position. Young man, I pity your presumption. Deliver the sphere, I will smite it; then, I will smite thee over the fence or the turnstile, as it may happen."

He poised his bat and the stranger went into the box. Then the assembled Giants were petrified to observe their beloved leader make four ineffectual jabs at as many thrown balls.

"Strange!" muttered Buck, passing his hand over his brow thoughtfully; "could that after-breakfast cigarette? Come! four more!"

Again did he fan the atmosphere thrice and one.

"My faithful Roger," he gasped; "where am I?"

"Every ball was three feet over your head," said Connor. "Give me the willow." Four balls and four strikes!

"Oh, Roger!" cried Gore, tragically; "did you not wist that two of those four balls passed behind your back? Let me do the swipe act."

But he in turn fell easy victim to the phenomenal Jinkson; and so,

indeed, did all the Giants. To each man the ball came slowly sailing over the plate, yet the bat passed it by, while at the same time—oh, miracle!—to the onlookers the ball curled around the batter's neck, behind his back and everywhere except within reaching distance.

"And now," said Jinkson, calmly, "what terms? I can guarantee twenty-seven strike-outs per game, if you will protect me from the police."

"Ten thousand a year would be none too much," said Ewing, promptly. "But tell me, by what devil's cantrips do you mow us down?"

"Tell me," replied Jinkson, "did you ever hear of hypnotism?"

"Well, I should smile!" said Buck, smiling.

"That's it," said the phenomenal. "I am a hypnotic pitcher. I face the batter, hypnotize him, and the rest is easy. I say to him—in my mind—this ball is going over the plate, and to his eye it *does* go over the plate; in reality, I fling it anywhere. It's a little hard on the catcher; but as the rest of the nine need only stand around, you can put cheap men in their places and hire more catchers."

"Then I am to understand," said Ewing, "that outside of your hypnotic powers you can't pitch for sour apples?"

"Quite right," admitted Jinkson; "but don't you give it away."

*

That afternoon the Brooklyns came on the field in their usual debonair way, and left it crushed by a score of 11 to 0. The only man to make a base on balls was Foutz, and he was so tall that Jinkson could not catch his eye.

This was the beginning of a series of triumphs, and Jinkson's name was embalmed in neckties, mixed drinks, and five-cent cigars. It is true, he could not bat, and the only time he made a scratch hit he started for third instead of first, but the public could easily overlook that.

The slaughter of the Chicagoans was specially entrancing. Twenty-six thousand people were present when Ryan came to the bat and struck out, an example followed by Burns and Dahlen.

But when Anson opened the Chicago's second inning, the crowd went wild with joy. He came to the bat and glared at Jinkson. The phenomenal said afterward that the old man came pretty near to hypnotizing him, but he finally got him under control, and rolled the ball along the ground. Adrian struck at it, and a great groan arose. The second ball went behind his back, and as he made a pass at it, Pfeffer was carried off the field in convulsions. Three strikes! Four strikes! And the crowd burst forth in loud acclaim. Strong men wept.

The Chicagoans did not score a single run in three games, and left town scarcely a semblance of their former selves. Jinkson was given the freedom of the city in a golden box.

At the close of that eventful season the record of the Giants stood: *Won, 102; Lost, 38; Percentage, .729*. The next season the record would undoubtedly have stood: *Won, 140; Lost, 0; Percentage, 1.000*, had not Jinkson used his hypnotic powers on an heiress, and severed his connection with the ball field. But you have doubtless read the particulars of that match in the papers.

Sidney.



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"Standing Room Only."

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Who honed for what he'd won.

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ANGRY CUSTOMER.—Look here, I have only had this suit a week and there's a button off.

TAILOR.—Yes, sir; I sewed that button myself, and now I would like to call your attention to your account.—*Clother and Furnisher.*

CROWDED QUARTERS.

CHUMBLEIGH.—My dear Miss Grace, you are always in my mind.

MISS GRACE.—Goodness, that is worse than living in a flat!—*Boston Post.*

GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

MRS. GOTHAM.—The doctor says I must go to the country for my health.

MR. GOTHAM (*busily*).—All right, my dear. Which would you rather visit, your aunt in Brooklyn, or my aunt in Jersey City.—*New York Weekly.*

CUSTOMER.—Is n't that a pretty large price to charge for a second-hand pair of shoes?

DEALER.—Yes, mine friend; but dose shoes belonged to Zenator Edmunds already.—*Yale Record.*

EXTREMELY ODD.

"Was n't his leaving Wall Street rather odd?"

"Yes. Very odd. He came out even."—*The Epoch.*

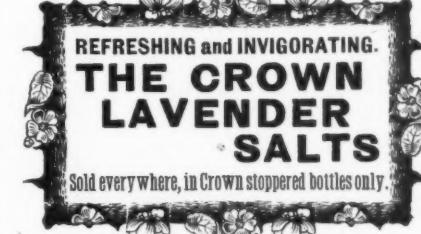
MRS. SQUIGGS.—Henry, that scarecrow down in that field is so monotonous that it worries me, standing so still.

MR. SQUIGGS.—Scarecrow! Maria, that's the hired man!—*Detroit Free Press.*

Messrs. Park & Tilford; Acker, Merrill & Condit, and first-class grocers keep Lemarchand Boneless Sardines.

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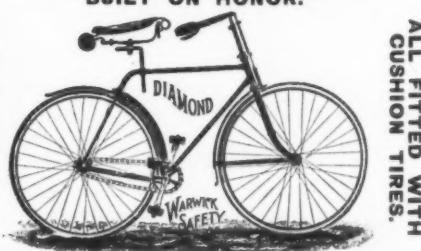
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MRS. BLANK.—The paper tells of a postmaster who was appointed by John Quincy Adams, and has held the position ever since. Was he an unusually good man, do you think?"

MR. BLANK (*an experienced citizen*).—Oh, not at all, not at all! It was an unusually poor office.—*New York Weekly*.

SAFE!

"Bertie," said the Queen to the Prince, "you do gamble. I have proof. Here, Sir, is a poker chip I found in your pocket."

"Nonsense, Ma," said the Prince; "I've been playing Tiddleywinks with Battenberg's babies." —*The Epoch*.

IT is rumored that the prison choir is to be enlarged by the addition of six or seven members. It is further said that only long term recruits will be enlisted so that their services will be worth the trouble of teaching them how to sing.—*Prison Mirror*.

"THE CHICAGO SPECIAL."

NEW TRAIN TO THE WEST VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In order to increase its present superb facilities between New York and Chicago, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 4th, place in service a new express train, which will run through to Chicago. This new train will be known as the "Chicago Special." It will be composed of two Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Cars, one Combination Smoking Car, two Pennsylvania Railroad Standard Coaches, and a Dining Car. The entire equipment will run through to Chicago, except the dining car, which will be dropped after supper at Altoona. Another dining car, for the service of breakfast and dinner, will, however, be attached to the train at Alliance. The "Chicago Special" will leave New York at 10:45 A. M. every day, and arrive at Chicago at 5:15 P. M. Philadelphia 6:25 P. M., and stopping at Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburgh, and principal points on the Ft. Wayne route, arrive in Chicago 5:15 P. M. the next day. The east-bound counterpart of this train will be known as the "Keystone Express." It will leave Chicago via the Fort Wayne route at 10:45 A. M. every day, and arrive in Philadelphia 11:25 A. M., and New York 2 P. M. It will be equipped with rest cars as the west-bound train, and will carry a dining car from Chicago to Alliance and thence to New York. These trains will be equipped with the best grade of new cars, they will run on a fast schedule, and the hours of departure and arrival at prominent centres commend them at once to the favorable consideration of travelers.

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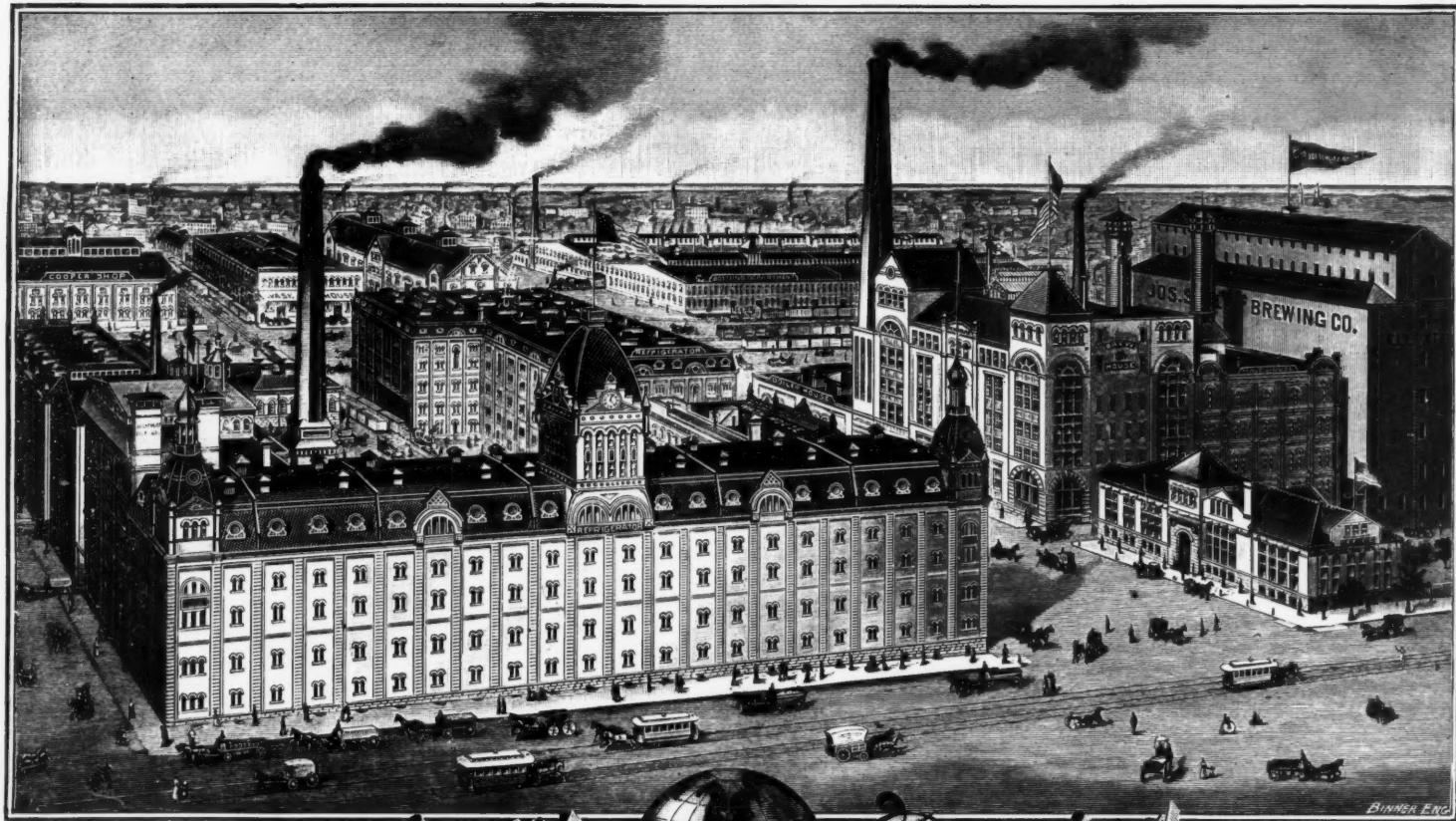
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"I AM trying to attain my end," said the puppy dog, as he vainly chased his caudal appendage around in a circle.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

BILKINS.—I want to get a check suit.
 TAILOR.—Ah, yes! Did you bring the check?
 —*Detroit Free Press*.

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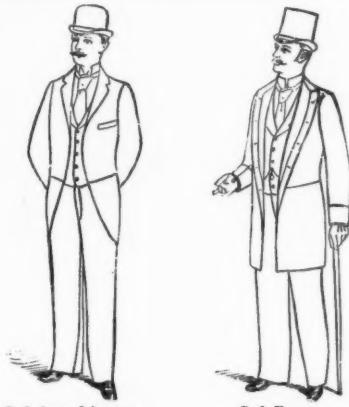
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TIME changes all things excepting only the manner in which the rowdy college student continues to make a howling ass of himself in the name of "fun." — *Omaha World-Herald*.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.

WIFE.—I'd like to know what you go to the club for on Sundays. Are the card-rooms and billiard-rooms open on Sunday?

HUSBAND.—Oh, no, dear — no, indeed. We would n't think of such a desecration. Everything is closed but the bar. — *New York Weekly*.

THREE LIMITED TRAINS FOR CHICAGO.

With the adoption of the Summer time-table, June 7th, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad announces three limited trains for Chicago every day in the week, leaving Grand Central Station at 10:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., and 4:50 P. M. These trains will be found perfect in every detail of equipment and service.

NEW JERSEY is a plucky little State. Even its strawberries have lots of sand in them. — *Boston Post*.

THE FIRST OF THE WEAK — Eve. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

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Now that they are making clothes out of wood fiber, a new kind of moth will have to be invented. — *Detroit Free Press*.

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SALEM, MASS., March 23rd, 1891.

When at Stuttgart, Germany, during the Winter 1881-82, I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis, which seemed to threaten Pneumonia. I met, at the Hotel Marquardt, Commander Beardslee, of the United States Navy. In speaking of my sickness, he remarked: "Doctor, you can cure that chest trouble of yours by using an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER." "That may be true," I answered, "but where can I get the plaster?" "Anywhere in the civilized world, and surely here in Stuttgart. Whenever I have a cold, I always use one and find relief." I sent to the drug-store for the plaster, and it did all that my friend had promised. Ever since then I have used it whenever suffering from a cold, and I have many times prescribed it for patients.

The ALLCOCK'S PLASTER is the best to be had, and has saved many from severe illness, and undoubtedly, if used promptly, will save many valuable lives. Whenever one has a severe cold they should put on an ALLCOCK'S PLASTER as soon as possible. It should be placed across the chest, the upper margin just below the neck; some hot beef tea, or milk, will aid in the treatment.

This is not a patent remedy in the objectionable sense of that term, but a standard preparation of value. The government supplies for the United States Army and Indian Hospital stores contain ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS, and the medical profession throughout the world is well aware of their reliability and excellence.

I shall always recommend it, not only to break up colds, but as useful in allaying pains in the chest and in the back. It is a preparation worthy of general confidence.

EVERY now and then somebody does n't start a daily paper in New York. — *Detroit Free Press*.

We are either having a very late Winter or a very early Fall. We don't know exactly which. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

*W. Thornton Parker, M.D.
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"It certainly is a little inconvenient; but we make it a rule never to take anything away from a child, and we find that it is necessary to have everything out of their reach. Children are so inquisitive."



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"I tell you, there's nothing like the object lesson system for developing the infant mind. William, is the table hard? See Papa butt his head against the table. Oh, how hard! It hurts Papa's head."

WILLIAM.—Gah! I didn't know that! I thought everybody knewed that!

"Am I crazy? Not at all; I'm only working out my idea, which is that if you want to imbue your children with a love for all healthful recreation, you must become their playmate, and lead them in all their innocent sports."

CRANKS OF THE DAY.—I. THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATION CRANK.
A FEW VARIETIES OF HIM.